The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Jack and Me.

HERE y'are! Black your boots, boss?
Do it for just five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,
That is, if nothin' prevents.

Set your foot right on there, sir!
The morning's kinder cold —
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat's gittin' old.

Well, yes, call it a coat, sir,
Though 'taint much mor'n a tear;
Can't get myself another —
Aint got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on 'em —
That's so; but then you see,
They've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me!

Him? Why, that little feller,
With a doubled up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin'
Sunnin' hisself — that's Jack.

Used to be 'round sellin' papers,
The cars, there was his lay,
But he got shoved off 'n platform
Under the wheels, one day.

Yes, the conductor did it,
Gave him a reg'lar throw;
He didn't care if he killed him —
Some on 'em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer;
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier.

High old style for a boot-black —
Made all the fellers laugh;
Jack and me had to take it,
But we don't mind no chaff.

Trouble? I guess not much, sir!
Sometimes, when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him!
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.

All done now — how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair o' lamps!
Mornin'! give it to Jack, sir;
He looks after the stamps.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the night came, and Mr. Smith was told that the boys were going to leave him and take the express train for New York, he was really sorry to have them go.

They had worked well, and he had taken an interest in them.

When he paid them, he gave them four dollars each, instead of the three that they expected to receive.

Alf thought he must have made a mistake, and he would have given the extra dollar back again. But Mr. Smith said:

"No. I hired a man and a half, but the bargain was not a good one for you. You well deserve two men's wages, and must have it."

The boys were very thankful for this. Both for the extra money more than they expected to receive, and also for the kindness which prompted Mr. Smith to give it.

When they parted from Mr. Smith they felt almost as if they were leaving home again. Neither of them spoke until they had walked some way toward the depot. At last John said:

"I wish the world were full of just such men as Mr. Smith."

"Well, yes, it would be a fine thing for boys that run away from their homes if it were so. But I expect that we shall find a good many like Mr. Smith as we go on."

"I hope so. If that is for the best."

"Why *of course* it would be for the best that we should fall in with good people by the way. What do you mean by speaking as if there was a doubt about it."

"I am not wholly sure that what we call good fortune is always the best thing for us."

"How can it be otherwise? Do you think that such an experience as we had Tuesday night is better for us than the experience that we have had with Mr. Smith?"

"I am not sure about it."

"Why how can you say that you are not sure?"

"I can say so because I am not."

"Why, what possible good did such an experience as that of Tuesday night do?"

"Well, in the first place I am not wholly clear in my mind, that for boys to run away from home is their best plan for getting away."

"Why, John, it was our *only* way. For you know that neither your parents nor mine would ever have consented to our going."

"Well, supposing they had not consented?"

"Well, if they had not consented, and we had not run away, we should never have got away to make our fortunes."

"What I was thinking, Alf, was that there was room for doubt whether we had done the *very best* thing that could possibly have been done when we left home."

"Oh nonsense, John. Don't talk in that way. The deed is done, and we may as well keep brave hearts about it. And then I don't see how the robbers had anything to do with our leaving home."

"No, Alf. Very true. They didn't put us back home again. But our experience may be a warning to other foolish boys, who get the notion into their heads that they would like to stretch their world and make it a little wider."

"That is nonsense, John, I am sure. In the first place, I don't see how other boys are going to know anything about our experience. And in the next place, I don't believe it would prevent them from seeking their fortunes if they did know."

"Well, take the matter home to yourself. If you had *known* before we left home that there were robbers on the road, and that we should fall into their company, would you have taken the course you did?"

"No," said Alf, slowly, "I don't know that I should. But then we got away from them all right."

"We got away. It is not yet proved that we got away all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't care to say. Let us talk of something else."

"Here comes the train. I hear the whistle, and so we needs must talk of something else, or we shall not get to New York to-night."

They were near the depot, and had just time to get their tickets before the train came up.

The cars were very full of people, so that the boys could not get seats together.

Alf sat a few seats in front of where John was sitting, and as he had no one to talk to, and the night was advancing, he soon fell asleep.

John felt the same pain in his bones and the distressing headache that had kept him wakeful the previous night, and yet after a long time of the monotonous motion, he began at last to feel as if he could forget all his pain and trouble in sleep.

Just as he was slipping away into unconsciousness, the man that was sitting in front of him turned suddenly round, and said to the man who was sitting in the seat with him.

"It was somewhere not far from here, I believe, that that robbery was committed night before last."

"What robbery do you mean?"

"Why, haven't you heard of it?"

"No."

"Well I guess you don't read the papers very carefully. A house was broken into somewhere in this vicinity, and six thousand dollars taken from it."

"And have they caught the thieves?"

"Oh yes, they caught them this afternoon."

"Where did they take them?"

"Down near New York, I believe."

"And the money, did they get that?"

"A part of it, I think. Somewhere about five thousand dollars."

"They were New York thieves, I dare say."

"No, I should think not. They would have been likely to have gone right back to their den in the city if they had belonged there."

"Well, I am glad they have caught 'em. It makes us all feel safer to know that these fellows don't escape the officers nowadays often."

"They didn't catch easily though. One of them was a very desperate fellow. He had two officers down, and nearly killed one of them before they secured him."

"He'll not get a chance to do such desperate work again in a hurry."

"No, I hope not."

"Why, these boys that came on to the cars a little while ago must know something about the robbery if they live near here,' he said, turning to John.

All the time since the conversation began, John had been quivering with excitement.

"Do you live near here?" the man said, addressing him directly.

"No sir, but I have been in the vicinity for a few days, and had heard of the robbery."

"I believe I stated it right. It was six thousand dollars that was taken, was it not?"

"That was what I heard, sir.

"How came there to be so much money in a country house at any one time? I should think it singular that so much was kept by a man."

"I believe it was a payment that had been made Mr. Holmes the day before the robbery."

"Then clearly these men were some way knowing to this payment having been made."

"I should think so, sir."

John spoke very cautiously, for a strange dread of being in any way mixed up in these men's minds with the robbery, possessed him. Having been once suspected of complicity with this guilt, and knowing of it as he did before the deed was done. he had a feeling as if he were indeed implicated in it.

He was glad that the men did not incline to question him farther, and glad that the light was dim in the car, for he felt that the paleness of his face might have betrayed him to suspicion as it had done once before.

Strange, was it not, that being as innocent as a babe of this deed, or of any complicity with it, he should yet be compelled to feel as if he was in a sense a partner in it?

The men that had been guilty of it had but accidentally touched the track of his life and yet they seemed to have left a troubled spot that could not be easily effaced. He repeated to himself many times these words of the wise man, "Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men." For he said to himself, if these lives have so blighted mine, which I have but unintentionally touched, how much greater harm would they have brought me had I willingly associated with them?

And so, thinking these thoughts, the night wore away. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

Two and One.

Two ears and only *one mouth* have you;
The reason I think is clear;
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To *talk* about all you *hear*.

Two eyes and only *one mouth* have you;
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To *talk* about all you *see*.

Two hands and only *one mouth* have you;
And it is worth while repeating;
The *two* are for *work* you will have to do
The *one* is enough for *eating*.

Guiding Star.

For the Myrtle.

A Friend at Court.

In a certain village in England there lived a teacher of children. He was a scholarly gentleman, yet unassuming in his manners, and extremely modest in his bearing towards others.

One morning his scholars were suddenly dismissed, and hurried preparations were going forward for him to leave the place. He had received an appointment from the Queen, to an honorable and well-paying position. He was to go abroad as an agent of the government,—a situation that he had long desired, but scarcely hoped to obtain.

"How is this? Whence comes this good fortune?" were the eager questions of the neighbors, who had so long known him.

"Ah! I have a friend at court," was his meek response. "This friend was guarding my interests, and when the right moment came, he mentioned my name for a position that I have long wanted."

Is not this the favored condition of the humble Christian? Has he not a friend at court,—at the highest court in the universe? One who hath entered into the holy place to make intercssion for him? And this friend is one with whom we can all have daily communion, who knoweth all our needs, and pitieth, even as a father his children. It is his will, that his followers shall be with him where he is. Unspeakable privilege to be with the dear Saviour and Redeemer! This friend at court is preparing the mansions for his believers, and will receive them unto himself.

Child of God, art thou not rich with such a friend? Nothing shall separate thee from his love, for no good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Mrs. S. M. C. Perkins.

For the Myrtle.

The Morning Call.

Up from a tumbled bed
Comes a little sleepy head,—

"Sister, what is the time?
Why do the town bells chime?"

Ah, what a stupid block!
Listen! 'tis seven o'clock!

And the hour the town-clocks tell,—
Seven times strikes each bell.

Look at the morning sun!
See how the day's begun!

Hark! hear the cockerel crow,—
He was up hours ago!

List to the singing birds,—
Can you not hear their words?

"Little boy, little boy, rise!
Wake to the morning skies!"

H. A. B.

"We, O Lord, may sow and plant,
But the increase comes from thee;
Oh, we pray thee, Father, grant,
That our work may fruitful be!"

John O'Groat, and his House.

In the reign of James IV., of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John O'Groat, natives of Holland, came to the coast of Caithness, with a letter in Latin from that monarch, recommending them to the protection and countenance of his subjects thereabout. They got possession of a large district of land, and, in process of time, multiplied and prospered until they numbered eight different proprietors by the name of Groat. On one of the annual dinners instituted to commemorate their arrival at Caithness, a dispute arose as to the right of precedence in taking the door and the head of the table. This waxed very serious, and threatened to break up these annual gatherings. But the wisdom and virtue of John prevented this rupture. He made a touching speech to them, soothing their angry spirits with an appeal to the common and precious memories of their native land, and to all their joint experiences in this. He entreated them to return to their homes quietly, and he would remedy the current difficulty at the next meeting. Won by his kindly spirit and words, they complied with his request. In the interval, John built a house expressly for the purpose, of an octagonal form, with eight doors and windows. He then placed a table of oak of the same shape in the middle, and when the next meeting took place, he desired each head of the different Gro t families to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of his own table. This happy and ingenious plan restored good feeling and a pleasant footing to the sensitive families, and gave to the good Dutchman's name an interest it will carry with it forever.

Elihu Burritt.

The true hero is not the one who beats and cuffs the smaller boys, nor is he the largest and strongest boy in school; but he is the one that the boys call cowardly, and will not do mean and cruel things; he is the one that the smaller boys love, who says good lessons, studies hard, and that the master likes best. At home, he is the one that loves his parents and obeys them in all things.

For the Myrtle.

Rover and the Goslings.

ROVER had a large, flat pan full of fresh water set just outside the dog-kennel every day; for Rover had the best of care, and everybody knew he liked a good broad surface of water to lap from easily with his large tongue.

He had been running all around the park one morning with his young mistress, and coming home tired and warm trotted directly to his dish of water for a good drink. But long before he reached it he heard a funny little twittering and quacking and knew that his drinking-pond had visitors.

A queer little flock of visitors they were, of a

soft, downy yellow, with long, flat bills and curious webbed feet. Goslings, just out of the nest,—so Rover had not yet made their acquaintance, though he came to know them well soon afterward.

What did Rover do? Did he come bounding on and set up a terrific bark and set them all squalling for fright, half-running, half-flying, as fast as their poor little yellow wings and legs would carry them?

Did he bound on their tender backs with his great heavy feet, crushing one and sending another off limping and broken-winged?

Did he snap at them with his teeth and shake one to death with his strong jaws? and chase them outside the yard with his dreadful nose within an inch of their feathers?

Did he sit sullenly down by his pan and growl "This is MINE, and all small fowls must keep out of it?"

Rover was quite big and strong enough to do this,and the goslings were very helpless creatures. But somehow he did not do that way. He came up very softly where the goslings had their pink bills all around the edge of the pan, and just put his big nose carefully down in the midst, and they all drank together; and then he went off a little way and sat down to watch them at their play, with his great, good-natured eyes.

The goslings picked grass with their pink bills and dropped it into the water, and then stepped their little muddy feet into it, and finally stood on the edge of the pan to dip their heads in and throw water over themselves until, they tipped the pan over, and spilled all the muddy water on the ground. Then they went twittering off, all in a flock, as if they had had the happiest time in the world.

Then Rover went down to the pond at the foot of the garden, and finished his drink.

Of course he had no need to take so much trouble. The water was his, and he had a right to it. He could have driven the goslings away and kept it nice and clean for himself. And nobody would have blamed him.

But Rover chose sometimes to give up his rights. He was big folks, he thought, and the goslings were little ones, and did not know just what belonged to them. It did not hurt him to go to the pond, and it was worth all the trouble mady times over to see how the goslings enjoyed the pan. That is the way big folks sometimes feel about little ones! *H. A. B.*

A Little Sunbeam.

A LITTLE sunbeam in the sky
Said to itself one day:
"I'm very small, but why should I
Do nothing else but play?
I'll go down to the earth and see
If there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,
Which filled each heavy cup;
The little sunbeam darted through,
And raised their blue heads up.
They smiled to see it, and they lent
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother 'neath a shady tree
Had left her babe asleep;
It woke and cried, but when it spied
The little sunbeam peep
So slyly in, with glance so bright,
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on it went, it might not stay;
Now through a window small
It poured its glad but tiny ray,
And danced upon the wall.
A pale young face looked up to meet
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And now away beyond the sea
The merry sunbeam went;
A ship was on the waters free,
From home and country sent;
But sparkling in the sunbeam's play,
The blue waves curled around her way.

But there was one who watched them there
Whose heart was full of pain;
She gazed and half forgot her care,
And hope came back again;
She said, "The waves are full of glee,
And there may yet be joy for me!"

And so it traveled to and fro,
And glanced and danced about;
And not a door was shut, I know,
To keep that sunbeam out;
But ever as it touched the earth,
It woke up happiness and mirth.

I may not tell the history
Of all that it could do;
But I tell this, that you may try
To be a sunbeam, too.
"A sunbeam, too!" perhaps you say;
Yes, I am very sure you may.

For loving words, like sunbeams, will
Dry up a falling tear,
And loving deeds will often help
A broken heart to cheer.
So loving and so living, you
Will be a little sunbeam, too.

S. S. Missionary.

DICKENS says: "I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust to that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare you out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

Outlaw's Bridge, N. C.

We reprint from the *Guiding Star* this letter from Mrs. Outlaw and the comments of the editor. We are glad to record thus that the brave little Sunday School has found many friends, and has now a library as good as our schools will average all over the land. So much for making known its wants and making itself one with us. Can we not hear from many such schools to which we can extend the helping hand? Thus readeth the letter:

My Dear Mrs. Soule:—I hardly know how to write you, or how to thank you, for what you have done for my little Sunday School. I—yes—we all feel under lasting obligations to you, and thank you *many, very many* times.

We have received about four hundred books since the last of November—three hundred of them through your influence—the other one hundred through the influence of Mrs L. Foster, of Weare, N. H., from the Sunday School in that town.

Our Sunday School has passed a note of thanks to the Schools, Societies and individuals that have sent us books—in the order which they were received:

Resolved.—That we, as a Sunday School, very gratefully receive the truly valuable library of books sent us—*viz:* A package from little Lilian Hord of Cincinnati, O.; a package from Mrs. B. F. Romaine of New York City; a box from the Murray Sunday School, Washington, D. C.; a box from the Sunday School at Weare, N. H.; a box from the Sunday School, Oxford, Mass.; and a package from New York, signed "A well wisher."

Resolved.—That we tender the thanks of the Sunday School to all the friends and Sunday Schools for their kindness, and pray Heaven's best blessing on them all.

Julia E. Outlaw, Sup't.

And this is what Mrs. Soule says of it:

"We can assure our friends, old and young, at Outlaw's Bridge, that the above letter more than repays us for our efforts to aid them. And that letter satisfies us that we *do need* the Woman's Centenary Association, and it inspires us to work harder, if possible, than ever before, to help make that a complete success. With our Association in funds, struggling Sunday Schools will *at once* receive the needed assistance. Will you not dear friends, elder readers, make yourself acquainted with the purposes of the Woman's Centenary Association?"

From Berne, Ohio.

The following letter speaks eloquently for itself, and for the school mentioned:

Dear Myrtle:—On last Sabbath I visited the First Universalist S. S., Berne, Athens Co., Ohio. This was our old Sabbath School, which I had the pleasure of being Superintendent of for the last three years. We found that the scholars took as much interest in the school as formerly, and were regular in their attendance. They are always eager to get the MYRTLE, and the best of all, they read it too. The School is being continued through the winter for the first time since its organization. Bro. H. W. Wickham is Superintendent, and his excellent wife, though a Presbyterian, assists greatly towards the success of the school.

C. Doan.

——Quite a number of Methodist churches in New England, in city and in country, give the forenoon of Sunday to the Sunday School or Bible service; and the afternoon to the principal service of worship, followed by preaching.

Constant Miracles.

Sometimes people talk about miracles as though they were very difficult to be believed. Some persons have their doubts about the miracles recorded in the New Testament. We heard of a little girl who, not long since, in one of our public schools, put the pert question to her teacher, "Miss ——, do you believe the miracles?" meaning those recorded in the Scriptures. The child had heard these questions at her home or elsewhere.

If all of us would think seriously on what is constantly going on around us, we should not have much doubt of the miracles or wonderful occurrences spoken of in the Bible Is not everything we see, or know, or do, somehow a miracle? How do we live? How do we move our limbs, or speak our words, or think, or see, or hear? Look at these daily and hourly supplies of providence, air, light, food, sleep, all the enjoyments of the senses?

There is an eastern fable of a boy who challenged his teacher to prove to him the existence of God by working a miracle. The teacher took a large vessel filled with earth, into which he put a kernel and bade him attend. Soon a green shoot came up from the kernel, then the shoot became a stem, the stem put forth leaves and branches, which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, and these dropping off left golden fruit in their place. In the short space of an hour there appeared a noble tree in the place of the seed. The boy, overcome with amazement, exclaimed, "Now I know there is a God, for I have seen his power." The teacher smiled at him, and said, "Simple child, do you only now believe? Does not what you have just now seen take place all around you, year after year, only by a slower process? But is it less marvellous on that account?"

Attention to Your Teacher.

Some good teachers in the Sunday School who try to be faithful, do not have that attention from some of their scholars which they ought to give and which their teachers deserve. These scholars seem to be thinking of eveyything else but their lessons. Questions which the teacher may have asked them and answered for them many times, they do not seem ready yet to answer themselves. Such scholars are discouragements to the teacher, always; they are plagues to the school; they are not worthy of its blessings.

Young scholar, who may be reading this, how do you treat your Sabbath School teacher? With kind respect and attention? We trust that you do. Think of your teacher's kindness and readiness to instruct you in Christian truth, to improve your character and make your life pure and good; and ask yourself if it be not ungrateful to repay such kindness with your idleness or inattention? Give close attention to your teacher.

Heaven.

Where is heaven? How many there are, who think, when they hear this question asked, that heaven is far away—some distant place in the skies. There is a heaven away from this world, but there is a heaven also here with us who dwell upon the earth, a heaven below as well as a heaven above; a heaven within us as well as a heaven outside of us. A pure heart is heaven, a bad heart is hell. If we would have heaven here, let us obey God's commands; let the mind be in us which was in Christ; let us live as he lived, and love as he loved, and our heaven will be secure. Young reader, remember this. Strive to possess this heaven. You will never find it in foolish or wrong thoughts or actions. You will never find it in sin.

"Heaven is where virtue is, and deepest hell
Within the boeom where dark passions dwell.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXIX

CHRIST WITH THE PUBLICANS.—PART II.

"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees."

SCRIPTURE,—Luke xv: 11–32.

Question.—By what other parable did he silence the fault finding—Pharisees?

NOTE. The younger son represents the Publicans and sinners, and the elder son the Pharisees.

Answer.—Luke xv: 11.

Q.—What did the younger son request of his father?

A.—Luke xv: 12.

Q.—What did he do when he had received his portion?

A.—Luke xv: 13.

Q.—What happened after he had wasted all his property?

A.—Luke xv: 14.

Q.—When want compelled him to labor, what did he do?

A.—Luke xv: 15.

NOTE. By the law of Moses, swine's flesh was pronounced unclean. Lev. xi: 7, 8. Deut. xiv: 8. The care of swine was, therefore, very forbidding to the Jews. Jesus wishes to present the younger brother as in the lowest condition.

Q.—What was he willing to make his food?

A.—Luke xv: 16.

NOTE. The husks were pods which grow upon the carob-tree. They are pulpy and sweetish to the taste, and are used sometimes for food by the poorer class, but especially for fattening swine. As the pods fell from the tree it was easy to feed the swine by driving them under the trees. They are sold in some of the markets in the towns on the Mediterranean Sea even at this day.

Q.—What did he think and say when his delusion was broken?

A.—Luke xv: 17, 18, 19.

Q.—Did he act upon this resolution?

A.—Luke xv: 20.

Q.—Did his father await his complete return home?

A.—Luke xv: 20.

Q.—Did the father give every evidence of warm affection?

A.—Luke xv: 20.

Q.—Did the son keep his resolution to confess his sinfulness?

A.—Luke xv: 21.

Q.—What did the father order servants to do?

A.—Luke xv: 22, 23.

Q.—Why did he do this?

A.—Luke xv: 24.

Q.—How was the elder brother affected by the reception of his younger brother?

A.—Luke xv: 28.

Q.—When his father came out and entreated him to go in, what reason did he give for refusing to go?

A.—Luke xv: 29, 30.

Q.—What did his father reply to him?

A.—Luke xv: 31, 32.

NOTE. By this parable he completely silenced the complaint of the Pharisees against him for eating with publicans and sinners.

Enigma.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 4, 41, 34, 8, 39, was Abram's wife.
My 7, 13, 29, 30, 2, 8, 12, was loved by a strong man.
My 19, 8, 35, 21, 12, is what Christians live by.
My 8, 1, 6, 28, was murdered because he was good.
My 41, 1, 9, 8, 12, 8, 14, planted a grove in Beersheba.
My 26, 6, 9, 19, 7, took the life of a distinguished prophet.
My whole is one of the beatitudes.

Young Pilgrim.

Answers.

MARCH 16. No. 1, Weather.
No. 2, Jordan.

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